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The Highway of Hades



By the Same Writer.

Richard Holt Hutton of *The Spectator*: A Monograph.

Shakspeare's Master Passages: A Guide in Miniature.

Wordsworth's Master Passages: A Guide in Miniature.

Ground Flowers: Ventures in Verse.

Revised Versions: First Series.

Revised Versions: Second Series.

The Golf Craze.

The Highway of Hades

War Verses : With some Prose

By
John Hogben
//



Edinburgh
Oliver and Boyd, Tweeddale Court
London: 33 Paternoster Row, E.C.

1919

//

To
“Jack in Khaki”

These Rhymes and Sketches,
with one or two exceptions,
are reprinted from *The
Spectator, Westminster Gazette,
Truth, The World, Glasgow
Herald, Dunedin Magazine,
Craigleith Hospital Chronicle,
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Contents

	PAGE
Lord Kitchener	1
"Somewhere in France"	2
Content to Die	4
Under the Shadow	5
"A Student in Arms"	12
Lord Roberts	13
The Mother	15
A Gay Gordon	16
"The Moonlight Sonata"	18
Still in France	26
Below	27
Second Lieutenant John Hogben Hislop	29
The Transport	30
War and Music	31
Jack in Khaki	42
"A Ministering Angel Thou"	43
The Flyer	45
The Invisible in War	46
The Woman of Two Fields	51
Neutral	52
The Call	53
Louvain	54
Scottish Poets on War	55
The Unhappy Warrior	62
Second Lieutenant Walter Balmer Hislop	63
The Great Transgression	65
The Tod and the Lambs, and the Spy Peril	66

Contents

	PAGE
Back to the Brute	70
De Wet Once More	72
The Dining-room Dado	73
The Sportsman in War-time	75
A Dog of Flanders	82
The Invincible Hope	84
Manhood's Beauty	85
"Content with Flies"—in War-time	86
"The Day"	93
Zeppelins	94
The Heroic Dead	95
The Pity of It	97
Peace	99

*The year placed below each
title indicates the original
date of publication*

Lord Kitchener

(1916)

HIS travail no man knows ;
 'Tis but the mighty issue that one sees ;
And not the moulding hand from which it flows :
 Our later Hercules !

Duty, in woe or weal,
Held his vast powers in thrall beyond our ken :
Quenched in wild waters that blue eye of steel
 That looked through time and men !

“*Somewhere in France*”

(1915)

“**S**OMEWHERE in France”—we know not where—
he lies,

'Mid shuddering earth and under anguished skies !
We may not visit him, but this we say :
Though our steps err, his shall not miss their way.
From the exhaustion of War's fierce embrace
He, nothing doubting, went to his own place.
To him has come, if not the crown and palm,
The kiss of Peace,—a vast, sufficing calm !

So fine a spirit, daring, yet serene,—
He may not, surely, lapse from what has been :
Greater, not less, his wondering mind must be ;
Ampler the splendid vision he must see.
'Tis unbelievable he fades away,—
An exhalation at the dawn of day !

Nor dare we deem that he has but returned
Into the Oversoul, to be discerned
Hereafter in the bosom of the rose,
In petal of the lily, or in those
Far jewelled sunset skies that glow and pale,
Or in the rich note of the nightingale.
Nay, though all beauty may recall to mind
What we in his fair life were wont to find,—

"Somewhere in France"

In sun his nature, and in morn his fire,
In sea his force, in love his pure desire ;
He shall escape absorption, and shall still
Preserve a faculty to know and will.

Such is my hope, slow climbing to a faith :
(We know not Life, how should we then know Death?)
From our small limits and withholdings free,
Somewhere he dwells and keeps high company ;
Yet tainted not with so supreme a bliss
As to forget he knew a world like this.

Content to Die

(1915)

Rex and Wilfred Winslow were the first men who died on the field of German South-west Africa. The epitaph on the cross on the grave runs thus :—

“ Tell England, ye that pass this monument,
That we who rest here died content.”

—*Daily Newspaper.*

FAR the horizon of our best desires
Stretches into the sunset of our lives :
The wavering taper of the achieved expires,
And only the irrevocable will survives.
Content to die for England ! How the words
Thrill those who live for England, knowing not
The stern, heroic passion that upgirds
The loins of such as, ardent, for her fought.
Content ! It is a word that brooks no bounds,
If from the heights and depths it takes its name :
Upon the proud lips of great men it sounds
As if the clear note from the Heavens came,—
A word that, sea-like, shrinks and grows again ;
A little word on lips of little men !

Under the Shadow

(1914)

THOSE of us who have made our way to the hills or the sea, during the summer that is gone, have found Nature to be exactly as before in the ordinary sense of the words. The hills have taken on one by one the well-known varying hues of the seasons, and the sea has been, in turn, as full, as furious, and as placid as ever. It is true the guns have been heard less frequently on the hills, but the hills themselves were there, and they lured us to their summits as in days past. Nevertheless, no matter where we have gone, we have been all too conscious that our term of holiday has been spent Under the Shadow. We have no doubt dwelt secure. We have again and again probably echoed their feeling, if we have not used the lines themselves,—lines in which our literary grandfathers rejoiced, and even so fastidious a critic as Gray particularly delighted in :

If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise ;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies ;
And Freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

The word "there" can have only one possible meaning for us to-day. We have comforted one another with these words. Just so we have felt ; so we have

The Highway of Hades

congratulated ourselves in our island home. But the shadow has remained.

It is marvellous how much shadow there is in our lives. The word itself may be said to stand for well-known experiences so far as the actors themselves are concerned, and for well-defined outlines and character so far as point of view may affect the critic and historian of life. Nature, as she appears, is alternately under light and shadow. What an old-fashioned, and even severely-abandoned word, by the way, "Nature" has become! The scientific spirit has so broken up the world and all that therein is that it is only by a brave effort of will that we return to the use of the sweet old word,—the word whereby writers of no meaner, if less pretentious, ability than the moderns signified the earth as it presents itself, apart from the often disturbing presence and influence of man.

We are often severe critics of our climate. Whatever glories these islands possess, we are apt to forget these and to consider that we have been hardly dealt with as regards the fickle moods of our seasons here. We hear often of rich sunshine filling the days elsewhere. We look complainingly on the weather-table which gives the hours of sunshine here and there, over the face of Europe, and we sigh when we find our country at the foot of the list, confessing, with a smile—or it may be a frown—in the midst of such brittle days, that the Frenchman spoke no more than the truth when he said Britons experienced only *samples* of weather. With us the rapid changes make prophecy impossible, for the morning breaking in gold may foreshadow a noon loud with thunder, and an evening silent with frost. No doubt we have become somewhat

Under the Shadow

accustomed to our treatment; and, remember, our treatment has had a large share in making us the men and women we are to-day. Our artists will tell you, too, that they would not barter our changing skies, our lights and shadows, for the brilliant blue of Italy, or the fierce, blinding brightness of Egypt or Morocco. It is quite true that the stronger the light, the darker the shadow is, but black and white give us only a barren monotony of contrast, and not the shades that blend or harmonise in the infinite gradation of russets, greens, and greys we are so familiar with here.

But it is, after all, impossible to separate Nature, as we call it, from *human* nature,—the earth from the mind that surveys, and measures, and enjoys it:

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

Doubly sober has seemed the setting sun in these days of destiny, when the eye is apt to be blood-shot. It is not "Lest we forget" with us to-day; rather is it that we cannot cease to remember, and that there slips behind everything joyous in itself a sudden background of remembered sorrow and shame, mixed, no doubt, with heroic yet not altogether victorious thoughts. The shadow remains. Take life, however, when there is no such dominating, all-pervading shadows: in ordinary days, when we are neither overjoyed, nor overborne by grief, light and shadow—which are, after all, relative terms—relieve us in relieving each other. With what a quick appreciation of the difference do we take the shady side when the sun is high and merciless, or the sunny side when the north wind hurries the dead leaves

The Highway of Hades

along their whispering way. Something, however, belongs to the heart and the mind. It is under a sense of loss that we feel shadow to be filled with a solemn fitness. The woodland path, even if it be all shadow, "accords with the soul's sadness"—to quote forgotten Home. Burns's song, "My Nannie's Awa'," is as good and forcible an illustration as any we can find of the heart's impatience with something in Nature which seems to be at war with the inner feeling and experience of men. The mood of mind will assuredly make the shadow graver, and it may be more grateful, as well as render, in turn, the light more garish and vexing. "I' faith, I am too much i' the sun," cried Hamlet, and too much of the sun is good for no one, not even the "cultured" Germans, although it is that for which they cry to-day. On the other hand, the shadow must not be chosen for a home. We are creatures of a day so far as mere time is concerned, but creatures of a day so far also as that day consists of dawn, noon, and twilight. Fortunately there is a Greater than choice, and we are not abandoned wholly to our moods. The brightest of lives has known its shadowed hours; the saddest has felt the sunshine fall warmly for a time. There is a bitter-sweet in life better than sweetness alone, less harmful than bitterness alone, and it is not without warrant that it has been said, "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

If we consider Art for a moment, here, too, we find that light and shadow are of the inmost nature of the thing itself. It matters nothing whether Art be regarded as including Music, Poetry, and Painting, or has the restricted, but usual, reference only to Painting and Sculpture. Beauty is the quest of all Art, surely,

Under the Shadow

and if Beauty be that which all the Arts strive to express, it requires no argument to show how much light and shadow have to do with attaining the object in view. Men may use other words if they will (the technical word is often the least self-interpretative), but the simple words light and shadow are good enough to employ in describing the difference between a Scherzo and an Andante in a Beethoven symphony (although, of course, in a second analysis light and shade play their part in each), or to describe the changes in a Nocturne by Chopin, or an Impromptu by Schubert. The fathomless depths are never felt to be near while we are under the gay reign of what we call Light Opera. The shadow falls, and we are near the invisible when the master lifts his hand.

In poetry how imperative is the demand for light and shadow! First, probably, a demand for chequered sun and shade in descriptive verse—it may be in Cowper, Scott, Goldsmith, Crabbe, or others. But this is not all. “The light that never was on sea or land” comes from its own sun, and, in the world of mind, emotion, and imagination, the words light and shadow reappear as signifying deeper things. We cannot do without them. They are as inseparable from reflective poetry as they are, under simpler conditions, from merely descriptive verse. It is not only that there is a kind of variety—a brightness and darkness that appear alternately, say, in the poetry of Wordsworth—but there is besides a sense of a vast neighbourhood into which we are only permitted, and that rarely, to peep when—

This Light that strikes *our* eyeball is not light—
This Light that smites *our* forehead is not air
But vision.

The Highway of Hades

We may have our preference for this artist or that, but, do not forget, light and shadow are more than mass or outline ; are of the very essence, indeed, of the artist's endeavour. The pearly beauty of colour, and the sweetness of contour that strike us in much of the work of the old masters—the indescribable charm, for example, that draws us again and again through the long, magnificent, tiresome galleries of Dresden to the little room which Raphael's Madonna consecrates and makes quiet—while they, admittedly, satisfy much in us, leave a sense of something missing. It is in Rembrandt's work that the miracle of light and shadow is wrought out, and all subsequent painters have taken something of his lesson to heart. Here, or nowhere, has the art of painting found its depths and shallows. At this fount the artistic sense of the moderns has drunk its fill, and the draught bids fair to last for all time.

It is thus seen that shadows accompany and make richer Nature, Life, and Art alike. It is, moreover, eminently true, as William Watson sings, in apparent paradox, that they who see everything clear have not the best vision—

Think not thy wisdom can illume away
The ancient tanglement of night and day.
Enough to acknowledge both, and both revere :
They see not clearliest who see all things clear.

It is surely the near view that is generally clear. The mist is on hills, and in the realm of thought, being ourselves "such stuff as dreams are made on," the noblest vision is his who sees all that is clear, but who also sees and knows that all that *is* is not clear. Such a one sees beyond the clearness the mystical uplands

Under the Shadow

that half reveal and half conceal themselves. Meantime, the earth as it is, is ours, and we who feel that it is covered to-day by a darkness that can be felt must resolutely trust that there will at length—may it be soon—come to our ardent and waiting vision “a rose of Dawn” beyond.

“ *A Student in Arms* ”

2nd Lieutenant Donald Hankey, 1st Royal Warwickshire
Regiment, killed in action on the Somme, 12th October 1916.

(1917)

STRONG soul was his, purged of the meaner things—
The lust of fame, the petty pride of birth ;
Nought of unworthy round his record clings ;
Heaven's gold enclasped his passing share of earth.
No braggart warrior he, though brave his words—
How brave, none but the very wise may tell ;
Heedless of morrows as the simple birds ;
Careless of consequence at the gates of Hell.
His deeds were as his words, surcharged with strength,
And, when those deep and glowing eyes grew dim,
When the supreme surrender came at length,
His comrades knew it was no end for him :
Like “The Belovèd Captain”—Nature's child—
He looked into the face of Death, and smiled !

Lord Roberts

St Paul's, 19th Nov. 1914

LAY the small form to rest,—
Straight as his soul ;
Place it among the best
On valour's roll :
There, where the tide of men
Foams to the brim
Round the proud fane of Wren,
Let us leave him.

There is no need for tear,
Nor room for sigh ;
He saw his duty clear,
And went to die ;
His last act not the least
That won him fame—
To cheer the sons of th' East,
Who loved his name.

He came not back to us,
Dapper and wise ;
And in such lack to us
His greatness lies.
We may not fill his place,
But this we know :
The death he came to face
Was scarce a foe.

The Highway of Hades

We leave him there in trust,
With our Well Done !
Near the heroic dust
Of Wellington.
The clean path of his days
He firmly trod,
And, warm with all men's praise,
Went to his God !

The Mother

(1917)

IN the fell fight she has not any share ;
Free from the shock of war her hours are spent ;
She breathes the safe, sweet, quiet English air,
With home's mild joys and industries content !
Ah, say not so ! Her hair is wearing grey,
While still she lingers on the threshold of
Meridian age : she lives but as she may,
The silence gnawing at her suffering love.
She starts in sleep ; scans each maimed warrior's face ;
Her heart is with her boy on Flanders' dunes ;
All that enfolds him not is empty space,
And nought to her, nor yet the passing moons :
One only wish pierces her soul with pain—
To clasp him in her aching arms again !

A Gay Gordon

(1914)

IN the morning train for Aberdeen from Waverley Station every seat was occupied. I found myself facing a man with singularly frank and attractive grey eyes, grey moustache, and regular, handsome features—a man with whom many a woman would fall in love at first sight. One, at least, had done so. His wife stood by the carriage door with brave, yet wistful, face. As we passed northwards he told me that he was, after twenty-two years' service, volunteering for the front once more. Had he seen any fighting, I asked. "Rather," he replied, pulling out of his pocket the silken bar, from which four medals, left at home, used to hang. I said it was a manly thing to do at his age. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "I'm as fit as a fiddle yet, my place is kept open for me, and my wife sits rent free." A little later he remarked, "I'm smiling to myself at what my youngest brother, a recruit, will say when he sees me at Aberdeen. I could have gone in on immediate promotion elsewhere, but I'd rather be with the old regiment as a private than anywhere else higher up, and it won't be long before I get promotion. Never a bullet has hit me yet," he continued, and the grey eyes kindled with pride, which in a moment gave place to a humorous expression

A Gay Gordon

that made its way to his lips and left his broad, cleft chin alone unrelaxed. I looked at him with undisguised admiration. Hours afterwards, when he was at Aberdeen making ready for the front, and I was sitting at Braemar smoking an old man's pipe amid the fading heather and the broom-pods that "snapped their fingers in the sun," my mind failed to concentrate itself on a patriotic article I was reading. I thought rather of him—the Gay Gordon, the concrete example of the patriotism that is sweeping over the country. I thought of how, ere he stepped out at Aberdeen, I had grasped his hand and said, "It's a hellish war, but for that very reason I can the better wish you God-speed and a safe return." I remembered, too, how his wife had turned to some one on the platform and said, "I've let him go three times before, and I'm not going to keep him back now." But I thought also of the low, tremulous voice that reached no other ears but his and mine after the last lingering kiss—"Be sure, darling, and come back to me!"

“*The Moonlight Sonata*”

(1918)

THOSE who know Dunbar well will remember the narrow pathway that succeeds the broad one under the great wall that fights the heavy seas that occasionally pour their waters over it into the harbour. Where the east harbour wall ends, this track across the rocks runs down to a point that here and there holds high places filled with blue-green grass and sea-pinks. But we are not on climbing bent, but keep lower down, close to the water; not, however, so near as to reach the point of danger where the spray rises and drenches everything within its range.

On a shelving rock just above the danger-point mentioned, yet near enough to the sea's level to find interest in watching the onrush of the waves and the backwash roaring through the honeycombed rocks, there sat two figures one bright September afternoon. One was that of a sun-browned, wavy-haired youth, who had taken his straw hat from his head to enjoy the breeze that seemed to finger the hair that a mother's hand had never caressed. His brown eyes were looking steadily at the sea below him, and his lips met tightly above a well-turned and rather prominent chin. His companion was a dark-haired girl in a light blue dress that spread itself over the rock on which she sat. She

“*The Moonlight Sonata*”

kept tapping alternately her little brown shoes with her white parasol. Considering their years, the pair were singularly silent. Now and again the youth said something of little moment with a serious air that told of deeper thoughts within. At length he said:—

“I wonder where I shall be a year hence?”

The girl looked at him for a moment and replied:—

“Who can answer a question like that, Fred? Where shall *I* be?”

“O, you! You will be going about the same garden in the same way, in the same—no, not in the same dress, for you will have had one or two new ones before then; you will be playing the same piano, to some one else, no doubt, but”—after a pause—“to no one who will love to hear better than I have done.”

“I don’t care much to look into the future.”

“I do,” he said, with sudden gravity.

Passing his hand into his breast-pocket, he took out a straw-coloured circular, which he unfolded in a leisurely fashion and placed in her hands. Its contents seemed unusual, for she bit her under-lip and looked instantly into the brown eyes that looked down at her.

“So soon!” she ejaculated.

“Yes, May. You won’t forget me when I’m gone, will you?”

“Of course not. How can you ask such a question?”

“Had not this come I should not have spoken *to-day*; but it has, and—I can’t help myself.”

He laid his hand over the little restless one that now trifled still more nervously with the parasol, and, without lifting his eyes, went on in a low voice:

The Highway of Hades

"We know each other through and through. We are as brother and sister, but in a time like this one suddenly seems to get keener vision. O, May, you must be as you are when I return—if I do return. I want you to be mine, wholly mine, in years to come. Can you not see that we belong to each other?"

"I have never thought otherwise, Fred, although sometimes I have felt that our lives were simply to go on for ever—just as they are; only *sometimes* though, for now and again I have stood still because the thought rushed through me, saying distinctly: 'This is not enough,' and, then, Fred, I knew we—well, as you say, belonged to each other. If I have to wait for you for ever—I can wait."

He glanced up at the camel-shaped fragment of the castle to which Bothwell bore Mary Queen of Scots, then quietly lifted the little hand and kissed it twice—deliberately.

"Then there is no more to be said," he cried, with a new thrill in his voice; and, leaping up, he stretched out both hands, helped her to rise, and took her arm as he guided her over the uneven rocks. They passed through the town into the country. A strange liberation of speech had come upon the two. They talked as they never before had done, and it was only too evident that, in spite of what she had said an hour ago, she *did* look into the future. It coloured all her thoughts and filled her heart to the full. After a long walk that seemed all too short they came to a large farmhouse. Affluence and good taste were written legibly everywhere, from the broad flower-bordered avenue that led to it, the trim lawn that fronted it, up to the handsome bow-windowed rooms on

"The Moonlight Sonata"

each side of the spacious hall. The two entered one of the rooms, and, sitting down just as she was, May ran her fingers over the keys of the boudoir-grand piano that filled a recess, then played—exactly as it should be—MacDowell's "A Wild Rose." By this time the sun had sunk low in the west, and a broad moon was rising, very slowly to all appearance. But May needed little light; what music she learned she had the gift to remember, no matter what it was. As for Fred, he had an intense appreciation of all she played. Not that he was what is technically called a musician. He was rather one who, in Wordsworth's language, was "Contented if he might enjoy The things which others understand." When she had finished the exquisite little piece he came and stood over the piano and said, softly, "Play 'The Moonlight Sonata.' You know how I love it." And she did.

Having left our young people on excellent terms with each other, it is more than time to tell the reader something about how they came together. More than twenty years before the time of which we write Fred Vernon's father and May Henderland's were the closest of friends. They had studied together, the one engineering and the other agriculture. In course of time Vernon accepted a lucrative appointment in the great steel district of Pennsylvania, and Henderland went back to East Lothian to look after the "red soil" farm that had been tilled by his family for three generations. Vernon went to the United States not without trepidation, which was increased by the fact that he took with him his young wife, a slender, beautiful girl from Devonshire. Before going, his friend took his hand in both of his own and said: "My future is secure; yours is scarcely

The Highway of Hades

so ; remember that, whatever comes to you, if I can do anything for you, count on me to do so. I don't mean make myself useful to you in little things, but literally *anything* ; you must rely on my doing it."

In giving birth to Fred a year later the young mother died, and the husband tried to drown his acute sorrow in hard work. It was not to seek, for though money is flowing as freely as the Ohio hard by, and all workers in the Pittsburg district may finger it plentifully, the labour makes a fell demand on every worker. His appointment was a good one to start with, and he was promoted rapidly, but he withered visibly in the grime and smoke and heat of M'Keesport. Some few years later he followed his wife to the grave, leaving his little son to the care of the best friend he had on earth—the farmer, who had no son of his own, and only one daughter. Henderland was as good as his word, and the boy was as much one of the family as if he had been born under the broad roof of —— Mains farmhouse.

Fred was now eighteen, and he was "called up." He need not be followed through his course of training. Suffice it to say that after a course at one of the Oxford colleges—strangely enough called after the Prince of Peace—and practical courses at two schools of flying, he appeared suddenly in East Lothian one October morning. He strode up the avenue proudly, to find May and the greeve in the garden, relieving the trees of their burden of rosy and yellow apples.

"Good morning, James !" he cried to the greeve.

May's colour heightened as she straightened herself over her well-filled basket. Going up to him with a welcoming smile she kissed him, and then held him back from her. Looking over his tunic, she cried out gaily :

"The Moonlight Sonata"

"O, Fred, and you've got your wings!"

"Yes, to bear me away from you too soon, May; for I'm on short leave and will be in France next week."

She caught her breath a little at this announcement, but looked, nevertheless, proud and happy. The two had turned along a pathway between high box borders. When they found themselves quite alone Fred said, in his manly, simple way:

"But I've got something more than my wings. These bear me away; this brings me to mind."

Taking out a little parcel from his pocket, he unrolled the tissue paper in which a tiny box was wrapped up. Lifting her left hand, he drew off her gardening-glove and slipped a ring on her finger. Two diamonds mounted guard over the central ruby that made May's finger look whiter than before.

A few days and he was gone.

One night, ten months later, May stole into the drawing-room, lured by she knew not what. She had been at a distant farm, and had returned much later than she had intended. Something strange awoke within her. Nothing seemed to matter but one thing—the safety of her lover; and that night she felt curiously near him. She opened the piano and played "The Moonlight Sonata" as she felt she never had before, remembering how he loved it. Then she sat a moment quite still, till her father, who sat with a book in his hand, awoke her from her trance by saying, "You never played better in your life, May."

.

At that very hour in France a pilot was some dozen miles over the German lines on a night-bombing raid.

The Highway of Hades

He had discharged his fateful cargo, and was making for home. Suddenly he was caught in the glare of a flashlight, then in another, and yet another. It was blinding. He tried to evade them, one by one, in all manner of ways, only, however, to be caught again, first by one and then by the others. Do what he could, diving and twisting, he found it impossible to escape from them. All the time the "Archies" were going strong. Despairing of escape, he at length shut off his engine and fell a few thousand feet. Giving up all hope, he was preparing to crash. When about five hundred feet above ground he suddenly became aware that he was once more in darkness. Glancing up, sure enough the searchlights were far above him, moving quickly to and fro, seeking their prey. A gleam of hope came to him. Turning his plane's nose up, he made off at a somewhat low altitude, alighting in due time where the flares welcomed him back to the aerodrome. On stepping out he could scarcely stand. He was long in sleeping that night, but when he dozed off at last certain beautiful strains kept sauntering along the confines of his consciousness, and his last thought was, "Perhaps she is playing *it* now."

A week later May received a letter in which he told her something of his latest peril, and ended by saying he would be home in three days. Great is the power of the East Lothian farmer, for the London train known as "The Fly" stopped one evening at Dunbar, although the time-tables were silent on the subject. She was there to meet him, and she herself drove him home—the happiest of men. The following evening, when the two found themselves alone, he said—

"The best of it is, May, that I'm home for six

"The Moonlight Sonata"

months at least—that is to say, I'll be sent to some school to teach others to fly and to shoot."

"O, Fred! You didn't tell us last night."

"No; I wished to tell you all by yourself. May, don't you think we've waited long enough?"

She made no answer, but rose and looked at the setting sun; then she went to the piano, and played "The Moonlight Sonata"—yes, the sonata in all its fullness and beauty, passing from the dreamy glamour of the first movement to the subdued gaiety of the second, and on to the insistent, questioning, rebellious third, coming to a close, as it does, on what sounds like a great note of interrogation. It was a curious thing to do—more curious still that she did not at the moment consider it so. After a pause, she looked over her shoulder, and said, "The answer, Fred, is 'Yes!'" But much had come between question and answer, for Fred was now standing where she had been at the window, looking into the west. Quoting the haunting line of John of Gaunt, he said, slowly—

"The setting sun and music at the close"

As he turned round he said:

"The close of what, May?"

"Of my waiting," she said, flying towards him.

"And of the hunger of my love, May."

Still in France

(1917)

AND is he still in France?
Yes, still in France;
And will be as the years advance
Still, still in France!

Not in the green land of his birth,
But in the grey, shell-bitten earth
He lies,—his bravery done,
And all his traffic underneath the sun :
On his now quiet breast,
Hallowing his rest—
Symbol of his undying gain—
Enriching our poor human pain,
And making nobler our transfigured loss,
A wooden Cross!

Below

(1915)

"Great credit is due to the engine-room staff."

—ADMIRAL BEATTY.

THE man who's down below
Sees nothing of the show ;
He's only got to do his bit and wait :
With his eye upon the dial,
It's a devil of a trial
Blindly to bear the onsets of his fate.

Yes, he's buried in the deep,
And he can't have even a peep
At the things that make the blood run fast and proud :
His prison walls are thick,
And a lesser man were sick
To know he could not mingle with the crowd.

So his colour comes and goes,
As he gives a thought to those
Who are trusting to his skill and honour bright ;
He reckons he is *there*,
And he doesn't turn a hair,
Though he knows he's in the bowels of the fight.

By the churning of the screw
He gets a kind o' clew
That they're jinking all they can the submarines ;
For, beneath the water-line,
He can tap the secret sign,
And he has a pretty inkling what it means.

The Highway of Hades

He trusts the Bridge above,
And he thinks but little of
The dangers that beset him in his den ;
The signals tell him some,
And he's sure there's more to come—
What, the worst ? Well, it happens to all men !

And so, within his cage,
Oil-spray and pressure-gauge,
And drone of turbine occupy his mind :
He doesn't see the show,
But this we surely know,
He's the bravest man of any you can find.

Second Lieut. John Hogben Hislop

15th Royal Scots. Died of wounds
received in France, 11th April 1917.

(1917)

THE measure of his life
With heavenly vintage filled he to the brim ;
Dying a soldier's death though hating strife,
We dare not mourn for him ;

But list, while memory tells
How love enriched his gay and radiant powers—
All yearning towards the Kingdom where he dwells—
And try to make it ours.

The Transport

(1915)

I NTO the void, we know not whence nor where,
 Moves the vast ship along its liquid way ;
But the great heart and arms of England care
 For all its perilous goings night and day.
Go with it all our prayers, for the decks
 Carry a freight of brave and loyal hearts :
No Huns are these whose lust the world may vex,
 But such as, righting wrong, must play their parts.
The stars watch over them, and women's sighs
 Follow them close : and thrilling through their dreams,
To them, and for them, come the children's cries ;
 And all their future dim an exile seems :
 Yet proud they go, with eyes heroic lit,
 Knowing no way but this, nor fearing it.

War and Music

(1915)

WHEN Lord Roberts died in France on 11th November 1914, more than one journalist announced the fact that our great soldier passed, as he himself would have desired, within hearing of what they called "the music of the guns." It is quite true that it has been brought home to us, in the fierce conflict under which the earth is now shuddering, that there is a larger and more dreadful appeal to the ear than to the eye. Europe to-day is "full of sound and fury signifying"—*everything!* But it is little better than a figure of speech, after all, to refer to guns giving forth music. Music, properly so called, has an immense deal to do with war. It sinks into the warrior's heart and awakes tumultuous emotions. From the simple bugle-call upwards it has to do with war's beginning, middle, and end; and it penetrates far, not only because of its harmony with the heroic, but because, in other moods, it affords a violent contrast to things seen and heard in battle. It awakes memories; it raises hopes; it begets physical and spiritual passion. It is perhaps impossible for one who has not been actually on the stricken field to realise how much music means to the soldier. If the "adamantine lips" of the guns are

The Highway of Hades

to be regarded as uttering the authentic voice of war, surely music is its finer breath and inspiration.

Consider how close the association is. At Reveille, music comes upon the sleeper with, it may be, "Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet"; at the close of the day, "Lights out" puts Tommy to sleep with, it may be, "Over the sea to Skye." The intervening day hears other strains. "The Trumpets call Hot Mars to the harvest of Death's field" are Crashaw's words. The bugle-calls are, no doubt, the simplest forms of martial music, but what other calling is so effectual? In the long tiresome march, "when the band begins to play" heads rise higher and limbs beget fresh vigour. It matters not how willing men may be, without music, after a time, the step slackens. Music revives the spirits like nothing else. If there be no band there may be a piper, if no piper the steady beat of a drum will work miracles. If there be no band, no piper, no drum, the men will swing along to their own singing—be it only of the "Long, long way to Tipperary."

At Loos the other day a Cameron Highlander showed how, in the absence of better things, he and his companions could hearten themselves in very simple fashion. "We got into line," he writes, "near the foot of Hill 70. For miles there was open country, and we advanced in a long line and up the hill. It was an irresistible line, and two chaps alongside me out with mouth-organs and played 'The March of the Cameron Men,' and nearly all of us lit cigarettes and pushed on." We see that music gives the fillip required, which nothing else perhaps could do. No doubt one requires to be a Celt to appreciate fully the Scots

War and Music

bagpipes, but men of the blood would dare anything under its strains. You remember Byron's lines on Waterloo:—

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's—Donald's—fame rings in each clansman's ears!

We are all thinking of Loos at present, and who can forget the Buckhaven piper laddie—let him be named—David Simpson, 2nd Battalion, Black Watch? "All through the battle roar," it is written, "the pip of the machine guns, the frenzied cries of men, rang the soul-stirring notes of the charge by the piper, at once a stimulus and a rallying call to every man wearing the red hackle. Three lines of German trenches fell to that fierce assault. The ranks had a breather. Men were busy putting the trench in order for defence when the command came down the line to have a try for a fourth. Piper Simpson at once got his pipes in position, turned to his company with the cry, 'Come on, boys!' and striking up the battle tune of the Black Watch, again ran playing towards the foe. He took ten or twelve paces, a bullet through the breast brought him down, and with the exultant yell of his triumphant comrades in his ears he died." One of the enemy at least knew that there was no more deadly weapon in war than the pipes. Then there was Piper Laidlaw, whose winning of the Victoria Cross has been commemorated in song

The Highway of Hades

by Canon Rawnsley. Neil Munro, too, has told us how, somewhere near Arras, "no fewer than half a hundred pipers played the retreat." There is a place even for the banjo in war-music, as Kipling reminds us:—

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile—
You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,
And play it in an Equatorial swamp.
I travel with the cooking-pots and pails—
I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork—
And when the dusty column checks and tails,
You should hear me spur the rearguard to a walk !

Such is music, then, which stirs as well as soothes a savage breast—a thing it is, in Milton's words, to "create a soul under the ribs of death." Elsewhere, not mincing his words, Milton speaks of harmony "suspending Hell." Montaigne uses the right adjective assuredly when he speaks of "the *encouraging* harmony of martial music."

The subject is a very wide one and can only be touched upon. Every nation worthy of the name has its national anthem—some strain begotten, more or less, in a fury of emotion—and these anthems have a place in War. One need but think of *La Marseillaise* (1792) as perhaps the most outstanding example. Here we have words and music rushing together, and coming rapidly and at white heat from the heart of the young Strasburg garrison officer, Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle. The music of our own national anthem is stately rather than fiery, and *La Brabançonne* (1830), the Belgian anthem, by François van Campenhout, though by no means in the grand manner, is full of gay bravery ; while *Bòshe Zaria Chrani* (1833), the Russian anthem,

War and Music

by General Alexis Livoff, has a sombre grandeur which alone among the great National Anthems conveys anything like an adequate sense of the tragedy of war as well as the aspirations of a long-suffering people. These are the strains from which some of our Allies gather their inspiration and daring. "Scots wha hae," of course, occupies a high place among calls to battle.

To return to the subject of march-music, we can readily see that time counts for more than beauty. We need not be musical to feel that the throb of the drum determines the length of our step, whether that throb be heard in "March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale," "The March of the Men of Harlech," or "The Hundred Pipers." Lord Macaulay was probably not so "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils" as Dr Johnson, who considered music to be only the least disagreeable of all noises, but the historian's biographer, speaking of Macaulay's recognition of "The Campbells are Coming" when played at a dinner-party at Windsor, declares this to be the solitary instance on which it is recorded he knew one tune from another; yet think of the stately march of his own verse.

In dealing with the place of music in war, or indeed in anything else, it is difficult to dissociate word and sound. What kind of farewell would the mere words (heard for the first time) of "Auld Lang Syne," or "The Girl I left behind me," or "Will ye no come back again" be to the majority of our boys when the trains at many a railway station in these days are drawing them from our vision, but not from our prayers and love? It is because the words have been associated, alike with the well-known strains and with all the years we have known, that they embody so passionate a Fare-

The Highway of Hades

well—"a word that must be and hath been," as the poet need not have reminded us. The airs of childhood fall with a strange thrill of pathos on dying ears, or on living ears that hear Death calling, calling everywhere around them; and if we are tempted to think that an air is an air in spite of words we have but to remind ourselves that "Hey tutti taiti" served both Burns and Lady Nairne in "Scots wha hae" and "The Land o' the Leal"—songs profoundly far apart from each other.

In considering this subject we think, too, of days long gone, when Moses was commanded to make "trumpets of silver for the journeyings of the camp"; when words and music welled forth together from the lips of Deborah in her war-song of thanksgiving, which has one of the finest touches in all literature in it: "The Mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, 'Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?'" Surely this is one of poetry's "Magic casements"! Through the thousands of years, as in clear shining after rain, we see Miriam, timbrel in hand, singing her song of victory. It was at a time of perplexity that Elisha said, "Bring me a minstrel," and it was while the music was sounding that the prophecy of victory in war came to him. The Bible is full of instances. These are but a few that will readily occur to everyone.

The glories of martial music have been sung in stately fashion by Collins, Dryden, and Pope, and many others in days nearer our own have added to the chorus of praise.

Mark how the soldier's eye
Looks proud defiance! How his heart beats high,
With glorious expectation! What inspires,
What fans his martial fires?

War and Music

What but the power of sound !
The clam'rous drums his anxious ardor raise,
His blood flows quicker round,
At once he hears, he feels, enjoys, obeys.

A phrase in these lines by Samuel Bishop served Wordsworth as a title for a fine but little-read poem which demonstrates the fact that there are occasions when words give the higher place to sounds :

When civic renovation
Dawns on a Kingdom, and for needful haste
Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration
Mounts with a tune that travels like a blast,
Piping through cave and battlemented tower !
Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet
That voice of Freedom.

A notable example of this is to be found in the command Berlioz received from the French Government to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the Revolution of July (1830)—to give the event “a musical expression.” “If music be the food of love” we have seen that it is the food of war too. Martial music must have a tongue of fire. “Write how you like,” said Ibsen to Grieg, “only put devilry into the music.” War assuredly requires such a spice in its music.

It may be said, in view of what has been written here, that War appropriates rather than creates a fitting music for itself, but this is not wholly so, as we shall presently see. “Where words leave off music begins,” Heine said—a dictum Mendelssohn reduced to practice in his *Lieder ohne Worte*. It is, of course, with war music, not martial poetry, that we are now concerned, although it has been pointed out how thin is the line between them oftentimes. It is often difficult to determine,

The Highway of Hades

where words and music both appear, which is the predominant factor. In the realm of higher music—that is to say, mere bugle-notes and drum-taps aside—it can be easily shown that War has occupied an important place and function. Much of Wagner's music vibrates with the ardours of the fight. Is it, by the way, as well known as it might be that Wagner produced, in his early years, an Overture "Rule Britannia" to propitiate the British people? From "Rienzi" onwards martial music was a thing in which he revelled. Who can forget "The Ride of the Valkyries," for example, and many other things that make the blood run fast and furious. Schumann spoke of his Symphony in C as "more or less clad in armour." Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony shared the fate of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior." The latter, as is well known, was inspired by the thought of Nelson, but the hero was not named by the poet because of the Lady Hamilton affair. The "Eroica," according to Ries, bore the word "Bonaparte" on its title-page originally, but for this tremendous single word there was finally substituted the chastened title: "Heroic symphony composed to celebrate the memory of a great man"—Beethoven changing his mind when Bonaparte declared himself Emperor, so making himself, as the master-musician put it, "nothing but an ordinary man." Beethoven often found inspiration in martial heroes. Not only is the "Eroica" full of it, but Coriolanus and Egmont wrought in him a passion which issued in splendid strains. In 1813 he wrote a symphony on Wellington's victory; in 1814 a martial chorus, "Germany's Re-birth" (what, one wonders, would he have written in 1914?), and many other war pieces too numerous to mention,—

War and Music

complaining, as he did, after Jena: "How unfortunate that I do not know as much about warfare as music." How music—music without words, remember—can speak to the martial spirit is well illustrated by the story that is told of Berlioz's version of the "Rákóczy March"—the finest thing of its kind in existence. The "Marseillaise" of Hungary, as it has been called, originally composed by a gipsy named Michael Barna, never fails to make the heart respond. After hearing Berlioz's version played, a man came up to him and said: "Ah, sir, sir! I am a Hungarian—poor devil—cannot speak French—a little Italian. Pardon my ecstasy. Yes, yes—the great battle—dogs of Germany. Ah! Frenchman—revolutionary—to know how to make music of revolution." Rossini's "William Tell" march will also occur to many, as also Schubert's "Grande Marche Heroique." Verdi and Tschaikowsky both found inspiration in the prowess of Jeanne d'Arc. Handel drew much of his magic from wars and tumults of war, to which his massive and magnificent powers so well lent themselves. Arthur Somervell has actually a movement "Killed in Action" in his Symphony in D; Hamish MacCunn has composed "The Masque of War and Peace"; Mackenzie has written a "Pibroch" suite for violin and orchestra; M'Ewen has given us a "Coronach" for orchestra; Stanford's "Revenge" and "The Battle of the Baltic" must not be forgotten, nor "War and Peace," by Parry; while Elgar found inspiration in the present war for his "Carillon" and "Polonia."

Scotland has had its full share in the production of martial music. Many marches and songs of battle have already been mentioned, but one may recall anew how

The Highway of Hades

much of war is at the root of our Jacobite airs, and how largely these airs have been employed in war-time. The following deserve mention: "Is your War-pipe asleep, MacCrimmon?" "The Pibroch of Donuil Dhu"; "The Foray"; "Wha daur meddle wi' me"; "Wha wadna fecht for Charlie"; "Callum o' Glen"; "MacGregor's Gathering"; "Hail to the Chief"; "Bonnie Dundee"; "Go fetch to me a Pint o' Wine," and "The Flowers of the Forest" (old air)—considered by Sir Hubert Parry as among the very finest, if not *the* finest, of folk tunes. These are but a few, and in all of them the *music* (as well as the language) pertains to war.

When it is desired to remember our heroic dead by the aid of music, it is mainly to the greater among the composers that we turn for adequate expression of our overwrought emotions, and we do not turn in vain. We have the great Funeral Marches of Beethoven, Handel, Chopin, and Mendelssohn.

Enough has been written to show how close is the connection between War and Music, and how much war would be like a dumb creature, with eloquent eyes and outstretched hands, panting for means of adequate expression, were it not for Music. Once more—it comes never amiss—let us remind ourselves that in the Quatrain, which seems to have burst from the soldier-heart of Scott like a shell from a gun, it is upon the fife and the clarion, not upon words, that he calls to make his heroic announcement: "Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!"

This article has told, in a somewhat faltering way, how there is no department in war where the voice of

War and Music

music is not heard. From the morning call to arms to the evening laying down of the same the command is given in music. And when the days of fighting are over, what but music should give an added grandeur to the supreme moment? Keats desired to pass on the wings of a nightingale's song, but a soldier thinks of sterner stuff. If he comes from the battlefield victorious, it is the trumpets that thunder "See, the Conquering Hero comes." If it is only the casquet of the brave soul that returns, it is the pipers' wail of "The Flowers of the Forest" that accompanies it. If the soldier returns—well! if he returns no more, we are learning in these times to say—It is still well! Whether to the Abbey, in the last scene of all, or to the simple village graveyard the body is borne, fittingly with music the end comes:—"The setting sun, and music at the close."

Jack in Khaki

(1916)

THE Champion of his school he stands,
With brave, brown, ardent eyes ;
He leapt at Kitchener's commands,
And donned the drab disguise.

He was the Captain in the field,
When raged the mimic war ;
The first to dare, the last to yield,
When helping up the score.

The tug-of-war, long jump or high,
Cricket, or race, or gym.,
Or making golf-ball climb the sky—
'Twas all the same to him !

Now these are ended, one and all,
And to a sterner game,
Obedient to his country's call,
He lingered not, but came.

To him, O never fear, shall come
A happy warrior's joy ;
He shall return (God willing) home,
But nevermore—a boy !

“A Ministering Angel Thou”

Mrs Jessie F. Dixon fell in action—in combat
with Suffering, under the Red Cross Flag.

(1917)

TWICE hath Death called. Now, when the snow-
drops come,

Luring our thoughts to Resurrection morn,
Thou goest forth from us: our lips are dumb,
And all our sorrow is again new-born.

It is not that thy ministry is gone,—

A burden that was all too great to bear,—
I see thee a celestial livery don,

In consort with blue eyes and raven hair:
’Tis that the earth so needs thee at this hour,
Brave soul, with arms about the helpless cast,
Fulfilling Love’s behest, and yet Love’s Power—
So seems it to us—lays thee low at last,
And, leaving myriad idlers in the land,
Bereaves it of thy tender heart and hand!

Long dwell our souls in shadow: will the dawn
Come soon and tarry? Shall we see at last
That true it is, as saith her favourite Vaughan,
“Man blossoms at Thy touch,” and all the past
Take on a radiance it has never known?

Shall we be sure that everlasting are
The arms that fold us when we sigh or moan,
That sorrows come to perfect, not to mar?

The Highway of Hades

Ah ! could we soar to this felicity,

And feel these to be friends, not cruel foes,
With such a lovesome faith our lives might be
Sweet to the end as is a fading rose.

Is not this why, when losing what Heaven gave,
We build an altar when we dig a grave?

The Flyer

(1917)

“ **A** DRAGON-FLY up in the blue ! ”

I say to you :

But you, with arched hands over eyes,

Gazing into the sunlit sky, surprise

Me with these words :

“ O king of all the birds,

Though raucous be thy voice,

I, fearfully, rejoice

To see thee near the enfolding cloud,

With wings spread wide and proud,

Lifting thy shining car,

While others lightly glance, and care not what you are !

If lonely be the hill,

And lonelier the sea,

How much more lonely still

His lot must surely be

Who ventures forth alone,

Beyond earth's outposts cast,

Soaring through dim unknown,

And shoreless regions vast !

Yet there's a chain 'twixt thee and me—a chain

With links of love, and pride, and courage rare,

As I survey thee with mixed joy and pain,

For—voyaging through the golden air—

A son of mine is there ! ”

The Invisible in War

(1916)

“**T**HE power of Armies is a visible thing.” No one knew better than the writer of these words how incomplete the statement is. Yet the child—and the child is in us all—makes much of the outer display, the “plumed troops,” the “neighing steeds,” the “royal banner,” and all the “Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war” to which Othello—who was no child in the common sense—found it so difficult to say Farewell.

War, as it is fought in these days, is much less of a pageant than it was. It is, of course, still a visible thing in spite of all, but every effort is made to reduce or destroy all that is visible. In the old words of Habbukuk: “There was the hiding of his power.” Neither on land nor at sea is war so spectacular as of yore. It has indeed become largely a process and problem of concealment. Colour has gone from it. Red coats have been discarded, busbies and feathers are no more, except on parade; and as for sea-fights, the terraced ships with which Nelson won his victories have given place to low-lying craft of dingy hue, and in the case of submarines—those wasps of the sea—to such engines of war as disappear from vision altogether. As for the extended line, it is apt to be one that digs itself into trenches, leaving only the charges and

The Invisible in War

countercharges (often, however, made in the night-time) with any heroic beauty in them. The sniper is painted green or arrayed in vestments of leaves. Smokeless powder, too, has made havoc of the painter's art in war, for without the rolling smoke the military picture, whether in pigments or words, loses much. In short, modern science has all but killed display in war. But if it has robbed the eye of a great deal it has left much for the ear to hear. "Battles in this war," writes Mr John Buchan, "are not pictures for the eye. They are assaults on the ear, and that never-ending growl of artillery conveys a grimmer impression to the brain than any spectacle." If to-day we were to place words in the warrior's mouth, they would be something like these: "I fear no foe in shining armour, but I fear the dust-coloured man out of sight." "The mud-hued man" would not, it is true, be a taking or heroic title for a baritone song suitable for singing in sheltered drawing-rooms, but it is as answering to such a designation that our braves go forth to fight for King and Country—dressed usefully and cunningly, if not showily. Khaki has ruined no end of colour-schemes—so dear to the artist. We see, then, that we have made the activities of war as invisible as possible, yet a battle remains a tremendously visible thing when all is said and done; so visible, indeed, that we are apt, in Shakspeare's words, to "Esteem no act but that of hand," and to forget

The still and mental parts
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight.

All this the thoughtless are prone to regard as having

The Highway of Hades

not "a finger's dignity," calling it "bed-work, mappery, closet-war." There are invisible forces as truly as there are visible—the will behind the deed, the brain behind the battle array. The war that the eye sees or the ear hears is the outcome of the invisible that gives it birth and continued being. In older and better words: "The things which are seen were not made of things which do appear"; they are the embodiment of the unseen.

But there is a subtler thing still than the silent, invisible thinking out of battles, or the great war-game tabulated out of sight at the Headquarters of armies. There is an invisible sword of the spirit as well as that of the visible right hand. There is the vital force that resides in the hearts of soldiers, and there are the great ideals for which the fight stands:

O'erweening statesmen have full long relied
On fleets and armies and external wealth,
But from *within* proceeds a Nation's health ;

and without health—physical, mental, moral—what hope is there of victory? Fleets, armies, wealth, are great factors, but behind these there must be the driving power and the vision which are of the spirit. In Franz Adam Beyerlein's much read novel *Jena or Sedan*, it is said of those who were drastically dealing with the Socialists: "They could confiscate red rosettes and pamphlets; but how could they control transient, intangible thoughts?" The conqueror's power is limited: he can take a country or a people captive but he cannot kill "the hereditary will."

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
Vain those all-shattering guns ;
Unless proud England keeps, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.

The Invisible in War

In the present war it is not too much to say that it is the invisible things that will win. "One invisible ally," says a writer in the *Nation* (American), "has all along fought against Germany, and still presses her back. This is the adverse moral judgment of impartial men." The Huns may go on their way, to use Shelley's wonderfully apt words,

Blotting the glowing footsteps of old glory ;
Trampling our columned cities into dust ;
Their dull and savage lust
On beauty's corse to sickness satiating ;

but beside these words, those of Kipling must find a place :

Ultimate issues, primal springs
Demands, abasements, penalties,
The imperishable plinth of things,
Seen and unseen, that touch our peace.

And that base is not material but spiritual and undying—changing it may be, in outer form and development, but in its essence and inmost strength the same and indestructible, for in Wordsworth's phrase, "Virtue and the faculties within are vital." We British are no saints, God knows, and we cannot claim success because we are saints, yet we are aware strongly and overwhelmingly, that what lies at the root of this war of aggression is alien to our best selves, and that we fight for something that we feel rather than know, some supreme ideal hidden deep in mind and heart from common sight, in touch not so much with us as with that Invisible Hand at work in ways beyond our understanding. As General Smuts so well expressed it in one of his speeches: "Silent and invisible forces are fighting on our side. Our cause is greater than ourselves." We

The Highway of Hades

think, too, at such a time of Mark Rutherford's profound words: "The Hope which is support is based on something below anything which can be brought to visibility."

In closing one of his Guildhall speeches Mr Asquith used these impressive words: "We have noble comrades in arms, but we have other great allies; none the less potent because they are invisible, among them man's unconquerable mind." In none of the newspaper reports did the last three words appear within inverted commas, but the Prime Minister had probably in mind when he uttered them Wordsworth's superb sonnet, "To Toussaint L'Ouverture," written in 1802, rather than the passage in Gray's "Progress of Poesy" in which the same words occur. The sonnet concludes thus:—

Thou has left behind
Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth and skies ;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;
Thy friends are exaltations, agonies,
And Love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Can the matter be better put than it is in Swinburne's "A Year's Burden"?—

Are ye so strong, O Kings, O strong men? Nay,
Waste all ye will, and gather all ye may :
Yet one thing is there that ye shall not slay—
Even thought, that fire nor iron can affright,
The woundless and invisible thought that goes
Free throughout time as north and south wind blows,
Far throughout space as east and west sea flows,
And all dark things before it are made light.

The Woman of Two Fields

(1917)

"I found her wringing the hands of some of our stolid chaps in 13, and couldn't make it out. Then she told me, half sobbing, how she owned a couple of fields just beyond our old front line, and how she wanted to thank us for getting them back. Think of it! Think what those fields must have been in the Spring of 1914, and what they are to-day—every yard of 'em torn by shells, burrowed through and through by old trenches and dug-outs; think of the hundreds of tons of wire, sandbags, timber, galvanized iron, duckboards . . . all in the old lady's two little fields."—Letter from an English officer to a brother officer invalided home, *Scotsman*, 29th July 1916.

TWO little fair green fields she once had known,
Perhaps since childhood, as her very own;

Beset with herbage and with poplar trees,
And irised o'er with myriad memories :—

What joy the prospect yields !
Spring came and clothed them with new verdure lush,
While mating birds sang in the evening's hush.
Summer and Autumn, when her work was done,
She sat beside her door at set of sun,—

The Woman of Two Fields !

To-morrow brought the damnèd blight of war—
And what was left to thank the victors for ?

"These are her fields no more," the passers say,
"Nought but a tortured, leafless heap of clay !"

What a grim flail Death wields !
Yet through the abandoned battle-ground again,
She scents the earth renewed and sweet with rain :
For you will rise straight blade, and corn once more
Will fill your needed, modest Winter's store,
O Woman of Two Fields !

Neutral

Spoken in the name of the Allies.

(1916)

HER spawn of spies—forerunners—filled the world ;
Right from its ancient pedestal was hurled ;
Rapine and lust, twin-sisters, followed fast
Upon her cloven footprints as she passed
From fury unto fury, demon-driven,
Vaunting the while her kinship still with Heaven ;
She broke on every hand the laws of war ;
Fair chivalry forsook her evermore :
She turned and smote each gallant little land
That to the death took up its valorous stand
In front of her amazing march of Hell,
Till, loyal to the last, each, fighting, fell.
To stay her course,—was it not Freedom's task ?
“ How shall I help ? ” surely the thing to ask.
We fought the whole world's battle, yet there stood
Her future victims in a doubting mood,—
Faint calling on the god of war to cease,
While smoking their war-gilded pipes of peace :
Some were too proud to fight ; too timid some ;
Much cried for protest—but their lips were dumb :
As if, forsooth, morality were dead,
And devil-worship reigned alone instead ;
As if—and this the years to come will show—
To save their own our braver blood must flow.
On Europe's chart, as it is known to-day,
Satanic fingers hellish pigments lay :
'Tis monstrous, surely, crimson crimes' imprint
Should neighbour be to any *neutral* tint !

The Call

(1914)

SEE, on upholding waves of willing seas
That circle us, the valiant ones stream forth ;
Leaving their homes of industry or ease,
From farthest West and East, from South and North !
The aged Mother needs you ; hear her call :
Her children leap and answer—one and all !

Not ours the choice. We go where duty leads,
White-handed and clean-hearted to the fight,—
The happy warriors in a realm that bleeds,—
To cleave out Morning from the perilous Night.
Think you we falter as we meet the Hun ?
Not till the day dawn and the work is done !

Louvain

(1 9 1 4)

The Kaiser is alleged to have addressed a communication to President Wilson, of the United States, which contained the remarkable words: "My heart bleeds for Louvain."

BYRON, 'twas said, paraded passing well
The moving pageant of his bleeding heart ;
But from base metal in profounder Hell
This man forged pity with a demon's art !

Scottish Poets on War

(1915)

A PLEASANTLY discursive writer recently remarked on what he called the "interesting fact that the greatest war-songs in the English language were composed by three Scottish poets—Burns, Thomson, and Campbell." The writer had obviously in view "Scots wha hae," "Rule Britannia," and "Ye Mariners of England."

It is not the intention here and now to discuss the truth, or otherwise, of the statement made. Much less can room be afforded or inclination fostered, for debate over Henley's verdict on Burns's virile version of Bruce's address at Bannockburn ; or for the revival of the old controversy concerning the authorship of "Rule Britannia." As for Campbell's place as a writer of war ballads, it is, of course, high and secure. The more general question of how far Scottish poets have been able to contribute to the poetry of war is one too wide to obtain in these pages anything like the notice it deserves. A few remarks, however, on the subject may not be out of place.

One is disposed in a midsummer-day mood, surrounded by beauty and peace, to feel that poetry and war are wide apart, and that there is some vital principle underlying the words of a recent writer in the *Times* who declares that "the top notes of human life and

The Highway of Hades

conduct can be but sparingly sung, or they grate on the nerves, and jar the hearing of the singer, no less than his listener . . . and that frontal attacks to capture heroism and imprison it in art are almost always failures." But if we wait, the mood changes, slowly, surely, and we see behind the outer heroism, the ideals and the sacrifices and all that these mean to, and can legitimately claim from art. So, too, we see, or rather feel, the truth that is at work in that exquisite yet terrible passage in Ruskin's *Modern Painters* in which it is written: "I ask *their* witness, to whom war has changed the aspect of the earth, and imagery of heaven, whose hopes it has cut off like a spider's web, whose treasure it has placed, in a moment, under the seals of clay. Those who can never more see sunrise, nor watch the climbing light gild the Eastern clouds without thinking what graves it has gilded first, far beneath the dark earth-line—who never more shall see the crocus bloom in spring without thinking what dust it is that feeds the wild flowers of Balaclava. Ask *their* witness, and see if they will not reply that it is well with them and with theirs; that they would have it no otherwise; would not, if they might, receive back their gifts of love and life, nor take again the purple of their blood out of the cross on the breastplate of England." No doubt this is a hard saying to many, and it may seem to flow all too easily from the lips of those who have themselves never been tested. Nevertheless is it spoken in sad sincerity by Ruskin, and it will find a brave response in many stricken hearts.

The heroic poetry of Scotland was, for the most part, cradled on the dark waters of the deathless ballads. J. B. Selkirk has described them as born of "that

Scottish Poets on War

divine breath which passed over the Borderland, awoke the Silent Memnon of her muse and passed into silence again." But there is too much mere magic implied in all this. Nevertheless, while the ballads, doubtless, passed through many minds, receiving here a little and there a little, there is a very real sense in which Andrew Lang's words may be accepted as true—"The heart of humanity is their maker." They are the lingering, haunting voice in our ears of "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago." It may be that many poets have shared the opinion of Keats—who himself was no coward—in holding that—

The silver flow
Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den
Are things to brood on with more ardency
Than the death-day of empires.

Yet much of the poetry of the world has been due to conflict dire and long, and the blood quickens as we read the record in song.

If we have nothing written by a Scotsman on the subject of war, and those who engage therein, equal to Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," we have, none the less, much of which we may well feel proud. Let us look for a moment at some of the war-poetry of the three Scottish poets named—Burns, Thomson, and Campbell. In Burns's poetry, which, by the way, has much in it to show the poet's dislike to war as war, there are abundant sympathetic references to what he calls the "poor but honest sodjer." We have, among other pieces too numerous to mention, his hearty rally, "The Dumfries Volunteers"—with its stanza so applicable to those days in which we live—when the

The Highway of Hades

enemy began war by counting among his allies British Home quarrels and Colonial disruption :

O let us not like snarling tykes
In wrangling be divided,
Till slap ! come in an unco' loon,
An' wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourselfs united ;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted !

There are also "Farewell, thou fair day," "I am a Son of Mars," and "The Soldier's Return." There is, too, the inevitable remembrance of the girl left behind in "Go fetch to me a pint of wine," while "the shouts o' war are heard afar." But, after all, "Scots wha hae" overtops all else in this direction.

The muse of James Thomson was not chiefly of a heroic type. In his "Nuptial Song" he laments that "the furious god of war" has so long "crushed us with his iron car." We must not forget, however, his panegyrics on Liberty in Italy, Greece, Rome, and Britain, and his "Britannia," in which he describes the war with Spain in 1727 ; but nowhere in these verses does he rise to white-heat. As in Burns's case, so in Thomson's ; there is one overpowering claim to remembrance as a war-poet—"Rule Britannia," which is, no doubt, an easier thing to criticise adversely than "Scots wha hae."

The claim of Campbell—the last of the three—has a base of adamant. He had in him not only unmistakably high patriotism, but he felt acutely for the peoples of all countries who were in thrall. The latest of noteworthy editions of Campbell's poems is that which was issued by the Oxford University Press in 1907,

Scottish Poets on War

edited by Mr J. Logie Robertson. In the preface to that admirable volume the editor writes: "I rise from a careful perusal of Campbell's poetry with a feeling of surprise and indignation that he is at present so much neglected." The rebuke is well deserved. Everyone, whose opinion is worth anything, admires "Ye Mariners of England," "The Battle of the Baltic," and "Hohenlinden," but the rest of the poet's work is apt to be forgotten. Yet even in "The Pleasures of Hope" there is much deserving of remembrance. It is certainly an extraordinary production for a youth of twenty-one years of age. Campbell, like Byron, had his heavy lapses, but, when all is said, he is on the whole the best war-poet Scotland has yet produced. Besides the poems mentioned, we are bound to recall "Lochiel's Warning," and "The Soldier's Dream." Among much else there are the scathing lines (not only in "The Pleasures of Hope") on the treatment of Poland and, no less so, on Britain's inaction. These lines, for example, one would wish to see more frequently quoted:

All ills have bounds—plague, whirlwind, fire and flood :
E'en power can spill but bounded sums of blood.
States caring not what Freedom's price may be
May late or soon, but must at last be free ;
For body-killing tyrants cannot kill
The public soul—the hereditary will
That, downward as from sire to sire it goes,
By shifting bosoms more intensely glows :
Its heirloom is the heart, and slaughtered men
Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again.

Well might a guard of Polish nobles stand round Campbell's open tomb at Westminster Abbey; well might a handful of earth, taken from the grave of Kosciusko, find its last resting-place there! An

The Highway of Hades

interesting reference to Campbell's war-poetry has recently come to light. Mr Edmund Gosse, in an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1915, quotes from an unpublished letter he received from Swinburne, commenting on an article he had written on Campbell. Swinburne referred to Campbell as "our great (if not only) national lyric poet." He continued: "Of his two masterpieces I should have spoken even more passionately than yourself; for the simple fact is that I know nothing like them at all—*simile aut secundum*—in their own line, which is one of the very highest in the highest range of poetry." This will, perhaps, more than satisfy the most ardent admirer of Thomas Campbell's work as a poet.

Among Scottish poets of war Scott occupies a unique position. In sheer mass—and very brave stuff it is—his war-poetry equals that of all the rest put together. This is easily apparent if we consider what is to be found in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lord of the Isles," and in "Marmion," with the incidental songs "Soldiers, wake, the day is Peeping," "Soldier rest! thy warfare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking," and others. There are his "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," "War song of the Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons," "Vision of Don Roderick," and "The Charge of Waterloo." His songs "Macgregor's Gathering" and "March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale" still hold the field against all comers. Then, as if summing up a world in little, we have his immortal quatrain:

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Scottish Poets on War

To these lines, however, liberal applications may be given.

Many other Scottish contributors to the poetry of war are worth remembering, but this little survey must come to a close. To name only a few (and no mention is made of living writers) there are James Hogg, William Edmonstone Aytoun, the Jacobite song-writers—among whom Lady Nairne overshadows the rest—into whose work there is almost invariably woven the red thread of war. There is Jean Elliot who sang “The Flowers of the Forest.” Out of the mist comes the voice of Ossian (Macpherson, another, or others) bringing air thick with battle. One might pick one’s steps back to Barbour’s “Bruce” and beyond it, and find that the battle-cry has been the poet’s call to sing. But it may be asked: Why should the poet only sing and not also himself go forth to war? Well, many poets have been soldiers. Chaucer served in Edward Third’s French Campaign in 1359; Sir Philip Sidney, the soul of chivalry, was a soldier; Sir Walter Raleigh, Ben Jonson, George Wither, Richard Lovelace, and, for a short time, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, were soldiers. In our own day their name is legion. Whether they fight or sing, it is well to remember Tennyson’s words:

The song that nerves a nation’s heart
Is in itself a deed.

The Unhappy Warrior

(1915)

UNHAPPY they who, when the world's aflame,
List not their country's calling, though for us
All that makes living worthy of the name
Hangs in the fateful balance tremulous.
Two are unhappy: he who feels his age
Fail in its service to his longing blood;
And he who, craven, all his generous rage
Represses,—stemming still the youthful flood.
It cannot be that happiness awaits
Him who the kingdom of sweet ease prefers
To such a realm as England, and who prates
Of other lures beside a love like hers !
How can he conquer others who, within,
Has yet his own disordered self to win ?

Second Lieut. Walter Balmer Hislop

5th Royal Scots, an artist by profession, fell in
action at the Dardanelles on 28th April 1915.

(1915)

I.

AMONG so many just the one we loved !
The humorous soul who still loved honour
best ;
Who, while he fared where war's red footsteps moved,
Had yet a wistful heart for Beauty's quest,—
Beauty, the airy sprite that lures us all,
On hill or field, in feature or in mind ;
So fickle that she comes not when we call,
So fleet that she escapes us like the wind :
Not so the call that caught his answering breath ;
Not his it was slowly to wait the gaze
Of the enlarging, nearing eyes of Death ;
Swiftly he passed, nor knew the weary days :
I heard one lightly say the words " He died " ;
" He lives and loves," a wiser voice replied.

II.

Beauty his quest ! What did he, then, do here—
The home of cruelty, and blood, and shame ;
Where murder stalks, and every demon-aim
Is to awaken horror, grisly fear,—

The Highway of Hades

All, all that empties Beauty of its name,
And rends the earth and heaven far and near,
Till out of agony of eye and ear

There issues that which erring men call Fame ?
Nay, 'twas not so : far otherwise the part

He played so well,—to make the felon bow
To Freedom's call, and good from evil start :

No death of luxury his hero's goal ;
But his the inalienable thrill of soul,
And the white star of honour on his brow.

The Great Transgression

(1914)

WE may not plead: "They know not what they do"!

Although they live in darkness—love it too :
Well do they know, and make their boastful claim
That "frightfulness" is theirs and feeds the flame
Wherewith they slay as with a dragon's breath,
And hurry all things on the way to Death :
Murder and lust, their canticle of hate—
The virtues that upon their honour wait !
The fatal contrast still they fail to see,
And think the Lord is of their company,
Making—to such high heresy they climb—
Of Hell a plaything, and of Heaven a crime !

The Tod and the Lambs, and the Spy Peril

(1915)

THOSE who have passed their meridian will recall the "dambrod" game known in cities as "The Fox and the Geese," and in country places as "The Tod and the Lambs." The manner of the game itself need not concern us now. The word "tod" is, of course, Scots for "fox"—known to Burns by the name of "slee Tod Lowrie." In "The death and dying words of poor Mailie," it was part of the "pet yowe's" prayer that her lambs might be spared "Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives." But the word "tod" is not only Scottish; it is old English as well. Ben Jonson, in his "Paris Anniversary," uses the words:—

Driv'st hence the wolf, the tod, the brock,
Or other vermin from the flock.

The word "tod" is to be found in Shakspeare's "Winter's Tale" (IV. 2). The clown says to Autolycus:—"Every tod yields—pound and odd shillings," but although the passage has frequently been quoted as referring to the fox there can be no doubt it is a "tod

The Tod and the Lambs, and the Spy Peril

of wool" (which equals 28 lb. or quarter of a hundred-weight) to which allusion is made.

But to leave the title and come to the subject. The writer of this article found himself one lovely twilight, in the early summer of this most momentous year, traversing a miniature glen with a romantic name. It was the time, as the song goes, "When the thorn is white with blossom." The evening was still, without sound except the occasional crackling of a withered twig under the feet that instinctively sought the grassy border of the rough road that followed the curves of a burn which a spell of dry weather had all but silenced. All at once I became aware of what seemed to me a strange procedure. An old, bent, and bearded figure, like a gnome or brownie out of fairyland, was engaged, in the adjoining field, in lighting, with evident difficulty, a small farm lamp fixed on a wooden post. Out it went, in it came, and out it went again, while a collie, lying close by, eyed the proceedings, if not with the same curiosity as I did myself, at least with a certain mild interest.

I stood still, and, parting the prickly thorn branches, peered through at the unusual sight. A wood skirted the little field whose acres rose gradually to the mound on which the mysterious old man was seen at his work. To what end was this uncertain flame set twinkling? I had read only a few days before of enemy-spies using lanterns for signalling, and I thought to myself: "Here is some mischief." I looked at the man's slow movements, which I now saw were accounted for by rheumatism. I looked at his dog—a common Borderlander—at his stick, at the sheep in the field, and the thought passed rapidly through my mind that

The Highway of Hades

he was not in any case a German who could make off very nimbly. Yet, who knows? Spies have proved to be of all sorts, and of sorts, too, little in keeping with appearances. So I continued to watch.

By and by, the flame bidding fair to hold on, he lifted his stick, and hobbled down-hill, after counting his sheep and lambs. "I wonder what it is all about," I said to myself, and, retracing my steps, I kept my eye on him till our paths converged, and we met at a gate which he opened and closed with suspicious quietness. I found him gruff of manner, as if he, in his turn, had been watching me through the spaces framed by snow-white thorns, and had not only grudged me the view but the suspicions which had crossed my mind as to his being other than a most loyal Scot.

I asked him why the lantern was placed just there. He growled out: "It is placed there for the foxes, which the day before yesterday carried off four of my lambs." "Then they fear the light," I said. "They don't like it," he mumbled, and disappeared into his cottage without returning the "Good-night" I wished him. Fearing a reply similar to that which was given to Lord Braxfield, I had not asked why the light was placed at the highest point in the field. The story runs:—Lord Braxfield, noticing some sheep on the Pentlands climbing up on the open hill one winter evening to rest for the night, turned to the shepherd with the remark that if *he* had been a sheep he would have sought shelter from the frost down in the comfortable hollow. The shepherd, looking at the speaker with some contempt, replied that had his lordship been a sheep he would, doubtless, have had "mair sense."

The Tod and the Lambs, and the Spy Peril

And so our little old, decrepit, long-bearded friend was no alien spy after all. He was actually doing his "bit" also against a cunning and unscrupulous enemy, as many a more spry lad from over the hills and far away is doing in Turkey and in France to-day.

Back to the Brute

(1914)

BACK to the Land ! It was a wholesome cry :
Would that the teeming city listened well,
Sought the green earth beneath the arched, blue sky,
And sent its puny children there to dwell :
Then might health blossom on the pallid cheek,
And strength subdue the kingdom of the weak.

Back to the Christ ! So sighed the longing heart,
That,—fed too long on dogma passionless,—
With its whole being chose the better part,—
The Life that throbbed, and not the lifeless dress
Of woven words—the fashion of the crowd
That missed Heaven's music as they cried aloud.

Back to the Brute ! This is To-day's decree :
'Tis heard in thunder from the cannon's lips ;
In serpent's hiss of whispered treachery ;
Seen in the tragedy of life's eclipse
By death and darkness in each ravished land
That knows no light save of the felon's brand.

No foe like this these islands yet have known,—
Cruel, and arrogant, and blasphemous ;
Hungry to hear child cry and woman moan ;
(Earth's mountain-tumour, rank and cancerous !)
What of his braggart "Kultur"—what of it ?
Let Belgium answer—"Kultur" of the Pit !

Back to the Brute

Proud spawn of Hell, helmeted with deceit ;
Breast-plated with unrighteousness and crime ;
Clothed with red Murder's cloak from head to feet ;
Spurred with foul lusts unnameable in rhyme :
How can he prosper, even if he prevail,
Since, in his triumph, truth and freedom fail ?

Four years after the above lines were published, Mr A. J. Balfour said : "Brutes they were when they began the war, and, as far as we can judge, brutes they remain at the present moment."—*Times*, 12th Oct. 1918.

De Wet Once More

(1915)

SAID De Wet to three Yeomanry scouts he had caught :

“You may purchase your freedom from me ;
But only on *my* terms may freedom be bought—
And these the conditions will be :
You will carry this message to General Rundle !”—
(All smiles) they agree, and forthwith out they trundle.

But De Wet he is slim, for the message ran thus :

“Be so good, my dear sir, as to lay
These three devils up ; they’re a burden to us,
And I collar some every day.”
The General read the note with a nod,
And winked to one who put them in quod !

The Dining-room Dado

"The Dorsets, we are told, have nicknamed their body belts 'the dado round the dining-room.'"—*Punch*.

Air—"The tight little Island"

(1915)

O 'TWERE well to be wary, and keep Little Mary
 Surrounded with warmth in the winter ;
For the vitals are there, and we must take care
 Not of woollens or flannels to stint her.
 O the Dining-room Dado ;
 See that it's properly made, O ;
Search every stall, from Jenner * to Maule,*
And purchase a Dining-room Dado !

Or, should you have time, it will not be a crime
 If your *own* fingers fly o'er the knitting :
You may talk as you go of our barbarous foe,
 And our boys at the war while you're sitting.
 O the Dining-room Dado ;
 To happiness 'tis a great aid, O ;
If you've no time for that, go to Renton * or Pat,*
And purchase a Dining-room Dado !

For feet in the trench are in a sad drench,
 And the snow it falls thick on the Khaki ;
But we're all out to aid, and many a maid
 Sends chocolate to Tommy,—or baccy !

* Large departmental stores in Edinburgh.

The Highway of Hades

But, O the Dining-room Dado ;
The right little, tight little Dado ;
We all know 'tis true, there's nothing like you,
O comforting Dining-room Dado !

It's far, Little Mary, to sweet Tipperary,
And much will depend upon you, lass ;
Sock, helmet, and mitten should clothe every Briton,
But the Dado's the pick of the brew, lass !
O the Dining-room Dado ;
With one you need not be afraid, O ;
Facing the blast, you'll win through at last,
If you're wearing a Dining-room Dado !

The Sportsman in War-time

(1917)

LIEUT.-COL. EDWARD HENRY TROTTER, D.S.O., of the Grenadier Guards, who himself fell in action, left a will which contained a handsome compliment to sport as a handmaid to war. In leaving to the Grenadier Guards the regimental cup which he won in the first year he joined, "in the hope that sport of all sorts will long flourish in the regiment," he used these words: "It having been my experience in all the wars I have been in that the best sportsman makes the best soldier, I should like this fact to be inscribed on the cup." During the present war there have indeed been many such tributes to sport; and it is to be specially observed that these have not been the expression of mere self-laudation among the British themselves, but even matter of comment, and indeed of grievance, on the part of our enemies, who affirm that we do not go to battle in the proper way, as they do, but as if we were taking sides in a game. But there it is; and the spirit which has inspired much of the bravery in action has been, doubtless, bred and fostered by sport—the mimic war associated with games played at school and college. From the mild joy Wordsworth found in rapid skating, the delight Swinburne felt in swimming in a fresh and open sea, or

The Highway of Hades

the pleasure with which the curler hears the music of the stones, to the ecstasy of the chase, and the rough-and-tumble exhilaration of football, the thing that moulds the soldier is there. To go farther, it is not too much to say that not only the prowess but the cleanness of the fight has the same root-cause. A boy who has imbibed Sir Henry Newbolt's lesson that no matter how he "plays up" he must also at the same time always "play the game," is not likely to forget such bracing and wholesome advice in later and more strenuous days.

The qualities of the sportsman have been everywhere largely in evidence in the present struggle, and it is not only the cheerfully-accepted individual burden, but the deep-rooted sportsmanlike quality which plays, not for one's own hand, but for the good of the "side," that has had so enormous an effect on the fortunes of the war. While it has been proved over and over again that in personal initiative the British soldier is superior to his machine-made enemy, it has also been abundantly shown that in corporate capacity he is no less equal to his task, ready to give and take for the well-being of his comrades as a whole.

In no department in the service, perhaps, has sport shown a larger influence than in the numerous squadrons of the Royal Flying Corps, whose members are, for the most part, boys just from school. The courageous and ready way in which they have taken upon themselves the great risks of the service, the eagerness with which they have rushed through their training and taken their "wings," has been the admiration of all of us. So much so, indeed, that an old veteran officer of high rank recently said that while he fully understood war,

The Sportsman in War-time

and was willing to praise every deed of valour in the field, what he could not understand was the calm courage of what he called "these blue-eyed, cigarette-smoking boys" who took upon themselves inconceivable risks at a moment's notice in the gayest fashion possible. Well may a writer in *The Outlook* say: "One thing we may be sure of, they have earned a thousand honours for every one which they have received; and no decoration on earth can carry more glory with it than the plain white wings they wear upon their breast. Every pilot, before he has earned the right to wear his double wings, has performed a score of feats which demand as great a courage and nerve as any man has had to win the Victoria Cross." Yet von Richthofen, Germany's greatest flyer, could say with some truth, "Englishmen see in flying nothing but a sport." It is, of course, a new branch in war—"grappling in the central blue" having been hitherto only a poet's dream. But the dream has come true, and these air-heroes are youths from our public schools, nearly all of them, and most of them, it is safe to say, distinguished for their proficiency in various games. "For a special job specialists," truly writes Mr Kipling, "but for all jobs youth above everything." It is said that the Duke of Wellington once remarked that "the battle of Waterloo was won upon the playing fields of Eton." With the mention of Eton one remembers that when Lord Rosebery presided, not many months ago, over a large gathering of old Etonians at Lansdowne House, London, he commented on the fact that over 5200 Etonians were on active service, and that many of them had given their lives for their country. Other schools have like "Rolls of Honour." As for the Universities,

The Highway of Hades

they have also played a noble part. It is interesting to remember, in this connection, that it was a band from Oxford, "the oldest of whom was twenty," that furnished Browning with a text for his sermon on sport in his poem entitled "Donald." The first speaker gave it as his opinion that

Good sportsman means good fellow,
Sound-hearted he to the centre ;
Your mealy-mouthed, mild milk-sops—
There's where the rot can enter.

Still, tastes are tastes, allow me !
Allow, too, where there's keenness
For sport, there's little likelihood
Of a man's displaying meanness.

It were an interesting study to follow up the question of what may be called the psychology of the various games. Each game has, without doubt, its own lesson for the larger game of life and death, but whether it be the calm "carry through" in golf, the quick perception and rapid action in tennis, the alertness of the "all together" in cricket, the furious assault, and summing up of results before they come, in football, the ready eye and hand in yachting, or the skill and self-effacement in deer-stalking—somewhere the qualities emerge and make the man—the man, who is, as we believe, the best of soldiers. There is nothing like sport for hardening the muscles, training the vision, giving poise and nerve, elasticity and endurance to the bodily framework, and health, without which all things fail. It is true Andrew Lang sings in his "Ballade of Cricket" of "the end of every man's desire" as something that comes inevitably to grief, as the saying is, falling far short

The Sportsman in War-time

of the ideal; but if we are to eschew the task because we fail, where shall we find a motive for effort, sustained and educative? It is in the search that the reward lies, as Lessing tells us, not in the actual achievement. Rather, then, should we adopt R. L. Stevenson's brave and wholesome view (half-truth though it be): "The business of life is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits." In short, it cannot be doubted that in the Anglo-Celtic race especially, character has largely been wrought out on the fields of sport, and it is on the field of battle that it is now put to the supreme test. This it is, doubtless, that justifies Hankey in saying, in *A Student in Arms*, that he found sure evidence that it was not philosophy, or even religion, that bore the soldier up, but that sporting instinct, deep and active, in every British schoolboy. As Walt Whitman rapturously exclaims: "It is life, all life, and the rowing in the winning boat is life, and the rowing in the boat that loses is life also—life, vigorous, impetuous, earnest."

It is indeed this same "sporting instinct" that even amid the appalling miseries of war has retained something of romance, so called. "Which is the more romantic," asks a reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement*, "the brutal mêlée of a medieval battle, in which

Men were wetshod
All of braine and blode,

or those wonderful combats above the clouds which our day has witnessed, in which heroic boys on either side display qualities of combined skill and courage such as earlier ages had not dreamed of? Surely the romance of war is not dead, though we may well think that its cost is prohibitive."

The Highway of Hades

The abiding place which sport has made its own in the hearts of a large number of men in the Army is fully reflected in the literary matter that has come from the trenches—letters, records of fighting, and, most of all, perhaps, in the astonishingly large quantity of good verse published by soldiers. No school is forgotten in these brave and pathetic remembrances. To the heart and mind come back sunny days on which the playing fields were gay and thronged, and nothing escapes the memory. As one of these soldier-poets sings:

And Eton still enshrined among remembered trees.

One cannot read without a touch of emotion the account given of the last days of the Kaiser's nephew, Prince Karl Friedrich, the Royal airman who died of his wounds in France. "If I am anything," said the dying man, "I am a sport. I have played tennis with Wilding and other first-class players. I shall never forget the jolly time I had in England, where I played them all. The kindness which has surrounded me since I became a prisoner has brought back the memory of those days. The Australians were good to me. The officers and soldiers who attended me coming down the line were very considerate, and the whole atmosphere of this hospital is kindness." "It is curious," writes Shane Leslie in his fascinating volume *The End of a Chapter*, "how the English mind reduces even militarism to terms of sport. In the Boer War ambulance-wagons came to be called 'game-carts.' Replacing a General was 'changing the bowling.' Firing on the Red Cross was contemptuously summed up as 'not playing cricket.'" Elsewhere in the same

The Sportsman in War-time

book he says, "Sport is the key to English rule and character. Fair-play is the pith and fibre of the empire."

Not very long before the stupendous armed struggle began, Prince Lichnowsky, the Kaiser's Ambassador at Saint James's, stood up at the Oxford Literary Society's Banquet, after having received his honorary degree of D.C.L., and used these memorable words: "The people who cultivated sports governed the world, and would do so more and more." It was a prophecy that is now being slowly, painfully, but victoriously fulfilled.

A Dog of Flanders

(1915)

DOG of the milk-cart, patient, wise,
 We know you very well ;
Deserved you this austere disguise,
That makes you hard to recognise
 As myrmidon of Hell ?

Ah, yet this Hell's no work of ours ;
 And you, too, take a part,
Beneath the cloud of doom that lowers
Upon the weary, haggard hours
 That crush the gentle heart.

No way but this : To face the foe,
 And strike him to the dust :
With steadfast eye, and counter-blow,
Feeling the while, though blood may flow,
 We fight because we must.

Beneath the bellowing skies you've stood,
 Eager to serve or wait ;
To aid in wringing soul of good
Out of things horrid, dark, and rude,
 And unregenerate.

A Dog of Flanders

Now 'tis the "maxim" you have drawn,
Paired, in your harness strong ;
Now you're a watch, and then anon
A scout—straining your willing brawn
To help your King along.

Highest of all your services,
Wearing the linen band
On which the Red Cross blazoned is ;
Then is your errand like to His
Who bears a pierced hand.

Faithful and swift, firm to endure,
Your virtues myriad are ;
Certes, 'twas no voice immature
That cried in accents stern and sure,
"Let slip the dogs of war !"

The Invincible Hope

(1916)

"I've just heard Kenneth is dead. Kenneth was a good boy, and I'm sure he died just as he lived, and no one could better that. I've written to his people. This is the first time the war has hit me hard. Cheer up, my very dears! Kenneth's all right. He'll carry on. It would take more than that to stop him."—Lieut. Denis Oliver Barnett, of the Leinster Regiment, in *In Happy Memory: His Letters from France and Flanders, October 1914-1915.*" (He was himself killed in action.)

O HAPPY heart,—so lightly spoken
Thy words of cheer and trust,
Even when the withered spirit's broken,
The head bowed in the dust!
To thee there was no final day,
Sunrise was sunset's friend;
Grey eve, long night, that 'twixt them lay,
Foreshadowed not the end.

And as of Kenneth, so of thee,
We say, "He'll carry on!"
No break in that brave life may be,
Although his rest is won:
Others may know him as we knew,
And bid him welcome there;
Strength from the wings of faith he drew,
And leapt the barrière!

Manhood's Beauty

(1917)

"This is the beauty of manhood, to die for a good cause. There is no fairer thing in all God's world."—*A Student in Arms* (Second Series).

O NOT in soft and silken guise
Comes Beauty always from the skies :
Not only gentle and serene
She ventures on earth's troubled scene,
Lifting our fevered spirits up,
By filling high her jewelled cup,
Whence the elixir we may gain,
That ends not but transfigures pain :
She comes in storm and sudden death,
Sweetens the last, reluctant breath,
Bestows on mind and heart her light,
Beckons her hero to the fight :
Not from without alone her aid
Renders the strained soul unafraid :
Her glory lightens from within,
Makes music of the battle's din,
Till man in her proud splendour glows,
As, sure of foot, to death he goes !

“*Content with Flies*”—in
War-time

(1916)

Contented wi’ little, and cantie wi’ mair.—BURNS.

WHEN one finds—and in the kitchen, too—a pile of recent *Spectators* in a diminutive country cottage, usually let for summer quarters, one is apt to ask silent questions. It is quite usual, of course, to come upon old illustrated papers in such places; but *The Spectator*—here is metal more attractive to the kind of man that loves the moorlands for other reasons than those noisily announced every 12th of August. One questions, I say, and, like Brutus, pauses for a reply. The reply has come in the form of a book, delightful in every way, if we except the title. That title is *Content with Flies* (Smith, Elder, & Co.), and the authors are Mary and Jane Findlater. The title is taken from the badly-rhymed couplet:—

As cats when they can get no mice,
Content themselves with catching flies.

The book is written to show how war economies may be carried out, without loss to the holiday-makers—nay, with a real gain to such. This is how it is done. You leave Bridget and Flora at home, or send them off on a holiday of their own, and set out yourselves to live the

“*Content with Flies*”—in War-time

simple life. The Misses Findlater—three in number—concluded (rashly, perhaps) that novels were not wanted in war-time, left London for the Highlands, and were fortunate in their adventure—finding two such cottages as they sought. The ladies bravely acknowledge “an early graduation in the school of poverty,” which made their change of life easier for them than it might be for others. There is an amusing account of their preparations, particularly their search for a “fireless cooker”—which did not, in fact, arrive until near the end of their sojourn in the north. It is probably at this moment couched in heather on the banks of the ———; but no, I must not give the show away. In London the vendor had said: “If you take my advice, if you want to do your own work, you’ll *leave labour-saving appliances alone.*” The advice was not taken, otherwise a considerable portion of the book would have remained unwritten. June was the month chosen—perhaps best of all, for, as Lowell sings: “What is so rare as a day in June?” Besides, country quarters are cheap then. Five long miles lay between the railway station and the cottage, “which faced towards the mountains at the mouth of a deep-wooded gorge. Between the black pine-covered sides of the pass there rose in the distance a violet mountain still covered with snow. To see it there, above all that flowering world, sent a positive shock of pleasure to the heart.” I know the spot well (although it was not there I found the *Spectators*), and cannot wonder to find the Misses Findlater crying aloud, with Emily Dickinson, “O matchless earth! we underrate the chance to dwell in thee.” Yet, when the chance was absent, how much could this same magic writer find solace in:—“I never

The Highway of Hades

saw a moor, I never saw the sea; Yet know I how the heather looks, And what a wave must be." How the ladies fared will interest many a thrifty house-keeper, as well as amuse many a mere man who looks at such things, pipe in mouth, and at ease with himself. But it does not do to depend wholly on the "general mairchant" at the village, or even on what the travelling vans may bring you, so boxes of stores from Edinburgh grocers (including Melrose's tea) formed part of the luggage.

Admission is made that the "ploughman's wife" lit the morning fire and cleaned the pots. Meals were taken in the kitchen. With plenty of milk, cream, butter, and honey from "our own bees," the ladies were not to be pitied. For my part I think they fell too much back on butcher meat. Beef steaks, at any rate, are out of place and, possibly, season in such quarters. Lack of vegetables is a drawback, no doubt; and as for "nuts," they are spoken of contemptuously. Why? Is it their questionable companionship?

Fastened by some mystic tether,
Nuts and New Thought go together.

The real *mauvais quart d'heure* came, it is confessed, "after dinner, cleaning the greasy dishes." Yet they had visitors, too, who were, properly enough, "roped in" to do their part. The experience of housekeeping on this small scale, without servants, begat a set of proverbs: "Every muddle makes another"; "Let sleeping dust lie"; "It's not lost what a hen gets"; and so forth. Lamps were a trouble, and many other little things, but on the whole they had very good food, "and the cats grew steadily fatter during our


“Content with Flies”—in War-time

stay.” The economy, it is plain, was not strained to the uttermost. I am not a cook, but I fancy something might be done with the oil that “remains in the sardine tin.” Why “remains”? Eggs, sardines (oil and all), and breadcrumbs make a delightful dish. Let me respectfully recommend it to the Miss Findlater who acted as cook. The lady who is chiefly responsible for the book (see page 57) was not “permitted to come near the stove.”

Although the second cottage—in which the holiday was concluded—was in some ways not so romantic in its surroundings, one can see that it possesses the warmer place in the hearts of its temporary occupants. Both cottages are known to me, but “the Mill Cottage” has a human interest that surrounds no other. This is mainly due to the lady of the mill—for she is a real lady, independent and dignified as royalty itself, with a world of experience looking through the eyes set below the broad brows, and with a heart of gold. This is how she appeared to the Misses Findlater: “At the same hour every morning, our landlady would appear at the door of the mill. She swept out into the open space in front of her house, and then, followed by the animals, with her grandson trotting by her side, would sail along to feed the hens; the ducks in a gabbling drove waddled in the rear of the procession. An old woman now, she was gifted by nature with that curious dignity of carriage, that touch of grace which long outlives the mere beauty of youth. It was a sight to see her, in her plain black gown and little shawl, sweep on towards the hen-house, the cow soberly pacing close behind; the pony (little beauty!) tripping on its dainty unshod feet, now and then giving a caper as if to testify

The Highway of Hades

that it found the pace rather slow." O yes! I know it all so well. I have been there with, and without, servants. Great folks, too, have jammed themselves into the sweet little cottage on the moor—the redoubtable Mrs Pankhurst among the rest.

It seems strange to me that so much is missed in this book. Some things are said that ought not to be allowed to pass. "The baker's bread was sour and sandy, his scones and rolls were worse," we are told. One is tempted to reply: "'Twas plain and good, and came so handy, It should not earn your curse." I fear the birds of the district were not carefully, or knowingly, observed. What are called bullfinches were more likely to be chaffinches. The "continuous sound" in the hedge was probably the wren's song, but then a wren is not grey but rich brown; and if the bird was wedge-shaped the description answers to the titmouse, as does also the "clingsome feet." "More like a mouse" than a bird brings us back again to the wren. What was it? The riddle was not solved "that afternoon"; nor does it appear to be solved yet. The moors in the district are famous, but only once does the description rise to the occasion:—"One evening we left the path on the ridge and followed a sheep track down and down to the level of the moor, skirting the edge of the marshes until we finally came to the long stretch of flat heathery ground beyond them. The pool was in the middle of this, farther away than we had thought, and the heather gave place to dry grass for half a mile around it. Giotto's  was not more perfect; sunk deep in a border of pale green and rose-coloured velvet moss, it measured only some twenty yards or so from side to side, and was tenanted by one wild duck. . . . The

"Content with Flies"—in War-time

whole thing made a scene of Japanese simplicity. The flat empty moor; the grey sky; the round pool with its border of rose-red moss, and its solitary bird: that was all." I remember just such another pool, on a moor not far from the one described, but its only occupant was a tiny round duckling that rushed here and there with outstretched neck, "content with flies"—fearing nothing from us. Why is there no mention of the most beautiful thing on a moor—the cranberry in bloom in June; or of the orchis, pink, yellow, and white, that adorns the fairy nooks between the heather-clumps; or of the butterwort and sundew in moist places? What of the surpassingly sweet, low gurgle of the curlew, or of the weird shudder of the snipe's wings? If we leave the moor and take the short-cut from the mill to the village—so contemptuously treated by the ladies—why do we come upon no mention of the waxen white roses, with their claret-hued leaves, or the gem-like peacock-blue and green little beetles that crowd on the hazels? I cannot but think the explorers were unduly timid. Why should the river-paths be called "uncanny"? Up or down stream they are charming. Nor can I accept as correct the description of the brown rivulet that passes the cottage windows. These are a few of the things one misses in the book. For the rest, the experiment (in spite of the confessed inability to use the scraps and having to give away the dripping) was a success, and was much to be preferred to taking up quarters in one of the gruesome little villas in what is (I agree) "an incredibly hideous villa-village." But, pardon me, mesdames, the bridge over the — is not iron but wood. Two things alone were, and are, serious drawbacks—middens and

The Highway of Hades

mosquitoes! The latter—among the birches that always suggested to Alexander Smith “woods in their teens”—are a real peril. My own experience is that the continental lady (it is the female only that bites) is not so poisonous as the home demon. The thickest of stockings are of no avail, and a holiday in the paradise of which this book treats may be ruined by their venomous attacks. The native, as usual, is comparatively immune. A fortune is at the bidding of any chemist who can, and will, prepare a real antidote. There is no preparation known to me of which the pests may be said to stand in awe.

Probably even after the war the experiment of those who so pleasantly boast that they were “content with flies” will be renewed. When they do revisit these scenes, the “black velvet calf” and the “black satin pony” may be gone; the apple-cheeked girl” (well known to me) married; but if the figure in the “plain black gown and little shawl” is still found moving about, the mill cottage will be well worth retaking. No, I shall not tell you where it is; and you may very well guess where “Crossriggs” is, yet utterly fail here.

“The Day”

(1914)

'TIS not the fiend in man
That calls us to the fight ;
Our hands since we began
Are clean in Heaven's sight :
Their thews may well be strong,
Who press to quell the wrong.

This is the whole world's war—
God grant it be the last—
We ask for nothing more
Than that this holocaust
May flame up and devour
The vast Satanic power

Whose breath is born of Hell ;
Whose pride is damnèd Lust :
Strike, strike the dragon's knell,
And beat it to the dust !
Earth from her nightmare wakes ;
We arm for all men's sakes.

Let the war-maniac cease !
Down heel and tramp him low :
Come, crowned, victorious Peace,
After the final blow :
And born anew and wise,
Let Germany arise !

Zeppelins

(1916)

THEY came : the silver Dreadnoughts of the air,
By murderers manned, and in their pregnant
womb
The fires of Hell ; but, in the focussed flare,
Our brave avengers caught them unaware,—
They staggered,—flamed,—fell headlong to their
doom !

The Heroic Dead

(1917)

MOURN not overlong or loud ;
Wrap your grief in mantle proud ;
Neither dress in dismal black
For the brave who come not back :—
They have fought their fight and won,
Somewhere still they “carry on” !

Light from their encurtained eyes
Will on you like sunshine rise,
Follow you where'er you stray,
Sacred make each common way,—
Light that nevermore will set :
Can you, if you would, forget ?

Golden hearts you may have known,
Now are doubly, sure, your own ;
Erring paths they may not tread
Who have gone where they have fled ;
Nor may their illumined thought
In earth's gloom again be caught.

They adventured far and high,
And though now they come not nigh,
Yet a glory o'er them lies ;
Ours the pain, but theirs the prize,—
Theirs the ampler atmosphere ;
Can you, dare you, wish them here ?

The Highway of Hades

Theirs is wisdom, honour too ;
Think what they would have thee do ;
Turn from meaner moods aside,
Let the Dead thy footsteps guide ;
 Stir thyself and worthier be
 Of the men who died for thee !

The Pity of It

(1917)

"Those of us who loved the old Germany that is dead, with its *Gemüthlichkeit*, its simplicity of life and manners, its kindliness, and its devotion to things of the mind and spirit, may deplore the change which has altered a country of philosophers and poets into one of commercial travellers and drill-sergeants. But the Germans themselves do not realise the change; they realise only that whereas they were poor now they are rich, and that whereas they were despised they are now a power and a terror."—*Times*.

BEFORE their madness came we loved them so;
Their country with its forests, rivers' flow;
From the far Baltic to the König's See,
And all that wooed us well until "The Day":
Their theatres, to our own Shakspeare true;
Their home-life, that our curious interest drew;
Their hearty zeal for higher things of mind—
The granary of thought for all mankind:
So, so we deemed, whatever *now* we say;
The gold we saw, but not the feet of clay.
A realm it seemed to us of rich renown,
Of man's high effort the support and crown;
Where Freedom waved a brave, yet fitful hand;
The land of Lessing, Herder,—Luther's land,—
Goethe the calm; Schiller the earnest soul;
Richter *der Einzige*; Heine the droll;
Where harmony, the joy of Heaven, reigned,
And all the willing world's proud homage gained;

The Highway of Hades

The songs that thrice-belovèd Schubert sang—
Like angels' murmurs 'mid earth's *Sturm und Drang*,
And all the strands of music deftly woven
Into a magic fabric in Beethoven!
Ah, what avails it—although these remain,
And must abide when sin is purged again?
The pity of it all; the wound how sore;
A noble nation poisoned to the core!

Peace

(September 1915)

DREAMING in a boat on Spey,
I watched the ouzel at its play,
And, as its little white breast bobbed,
The gentle air my spirit robbed
Of all the dispeace of the world,—
As though the war-flags lay upfurled,
And everything was lapt in love,
Behind, before, below, above.
Two wagtails held their silver-wedding,
Chasing each other round the steading ;
The amber brooklet hurried by,
And o'er the moor came curlew's cry :
So, calmly, passed the hours,
In this sweet land of ours !

The morn had been a radiant one,
With early mist but victor sun
That breathed upon the fine-spun lawn,
And upwards, upwards was it drawn,
Till, lingering long, it faded quite,
Like dim dream dying in the light.
Now all the glories morning brought
Were merged in memory's tranquil thought :

The Highway of Hades

I called to mind the magic dew,
That glanced from red to golden hue ;
Webs that were stretching far and wide,—
Some faery laundry-maiden's pride,
Spread, as by dainty fingers thin,
Like lace of Limerick on the whin.
Of many pleasures these were some,
And more, I knew, were sure to come,—
Roses of sunset soon,
And by and by—the moon !

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